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# Captain Cader Edwards

by

Cyrus Edwards

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An account of the life and public services of Captain Cader Edwards, a native of Wales and a soldier of the American Revolution, who died in the Holston Settlements, in what is now Sullivan County, Tennessee, in the month of March, 1782, with some mention of his numerous descendants as far as known to the writer hereof.

By his great grandson, Cyrus Edwards.

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Owing in part ot the restless disposition and migratory habits of the ancestors of most of our people since about the middle of the eighteenth century -- since the time when the movement began from Pennsylvania and Maryland into the Shenandoah Valley, and up the same and across the mountain divides into the upper valleys of the New and Holston Rivers -- most of the personal history of the families who took part in this great movement, even such accounts as were reduced to writing, have been lost.

The first settlers of Kentucky were mostly the children or grandchildren of the pioneers of the Shenandoah, and for a time the early history of their families was preserved by tradition; but when the family history was not put into writing, and the writing preserved until our earlier histories were printed, (which was seldom the case) the traditions of the elders werefinally lost sight of almost entirely.

This is particularly to be regretted, as no higher type of emigrants ever went into any wild land than the people composing the bulk of these early settlers. They were mostly of Scotch, Irish and Welsh ancestry, with a sprinkle of Hollanders and French, and mostly of the highest type of those races, physically, mentally and morally; and in all that pertains to the best type of manhood and womanhood they were far ahead of the broken-down aristocrats and court favorites and criminals who first settled in the tidewater region of Virginia and along the coasts of the Carolinas; and their descendants to this day, in the mountain and hill regions of the Virginias, in western North Carolina and in eastern Kentucky and Tennessee, are noted as the purest type of Americans.

Many of these early settlers were well educated and only a few were illiterate. Many of them wrote out the principal events of their family history, but, as above stated, most of these writings have long since disappeared, and only a few were printed. To have descended from such ancestors, who were many of them distinguished far above the average for patriotism, bravery and love of country, learning, morality or public service rendered, is something to be proud of without vanity or egotism,

and it is a duty, and is right and fitting, that the history of such ancestors, as far as known, should be put into permanent form and carefully preserved. To be able to claim such descent is indeed an honor, and I have met with few people who are so low and debased as not to appreciate such good fortune.

It happened that my great grandfather did, during the last year of his life, write out a fairly good account of his eventful career, and that after his death his oldest son added to it a supplement which gave the history of his last days and his death, and of the removal of the family to the Kentucky settlements immediately afterward. This writing was afterward (with some other valuable papers) stolen, and was supposed to have been destroyed, but long afterward it re-appeared (but in the hands of one who would not part from it or allow it to be copied) and in my boyhood I read it. This caused me to make inquiries among all of the older ones of the Edwards family who were then living in my section of country , and to gather up their traditions of the family history. The information thus gathered was written out from time to time, but without any connection, and was never taken up with any idea of being put in form until recently. I also had the advantage of in my boyhood of hearing my grandfather, the last one of the original family to die, tell many stories of the olden times which were connected with the family history. I am, so far as I know, the last one now living who saw and read the papers above mentioned, or who has heretofore reduced any of the old family history to writing, and I have concluded to put what I have learned, as above stated, concerning the early history of the Edwards family, into some regular form, in order that it may possibly some time be printed, and that all knowledge of our ancestors may not be forever lost, as in the case of so many other honorable and even distinguished families.

My great grandfather, Cader Edwards, was born in the year 1705 in a small fishing village on the seacoast of Wales. In my childhood I often heard the name of the village mentioned, but the pronunciation was then too much for my ability, and any one who has heard the Gaelic tongue spoken, or has seen the language in print, will readily understand why I am not able to spell its name.

At this village there was only a very narrow strip of land, lying between the steep, barren mountains and the sea, and the houses were build in a curving line along the beach, and as close to the water as possible, in order to leave a little strip of ground back of each house for a garden. These garden plats ran back to the cliffs, and varied in depth from about fifty to one hundred and fifty yards. The houses stood just far enough from the water to be out of reach of the waves in case of a storm at high tide, and each house had a width of land varying from about one hundred to one hundred fifty feet, according to its depth, so that each family had very nearly the same area of land for a garden. There were about thirty of these lots, and by a law of the village only one dwelling house could be built on each lot, and the lots could not be sub-divided. At each end of the little village the high cliffs ran into thesea and nearly enclosed the little harbor, which afforded a reasonably

safe anchorage. The village thus situated was cut off from all communication, except by water, with other like settlements along the coast wherever there was enough land for a few houses and a possible landing place.

There were a few deep and narrow ravines leading to the steep slopes of the mountains, where there was sufficient grass to support in summer enough cows and goats to supply the villagers with milk, and occasionally a goat for food; but hay and grain for the cows in winter was brought mostly from England and the Netherlands. Fish for food was plentiful for home use and there was some for export, but all other food supplies, except the produce of the gardens, had to come by way of the sea. There were no horses, sheep or hogs, and no wheeled vehicle had ever been seen in the village. The number of cows and goats allowed to each family was regulated by law, and only the small breeds of cattle werepermitted. These laws were not tyrannical, but were necessary for the common interest underthe circumstances. The cows and goats were herded in the daytime by the girls and the smaller boys, and were brought home at night. Wool and flax were brought from Spain, France and Ireland, and the women wove and made all of the clothing needed at home, and even exported some of the finer goods.

The houses, stables and fences were all well built of stone and needed but few repairs, and the women and children and old men could cultivate the little gardens. There was consequently no employment for ablebodied men in the billage. The fishing was done by the larger boys, assisted and directed by men who had been disabled in the wars which were in full blast on the mainland of Europe, and on the seas, and there was no work to do in that portion of Wales except to work in the coal and iron mines, and few other than the ignorant or poor spirited went to the mines; leaving no avenue of employment open for the strong and capable who had any hope of rising in the world, or even of making a decent living, except to go to sea.

The little bay had a good depth of water and afforded safe anchorage in foul weather for a few vessels, and was thus open on one side to the great world. The boys were employed in fishing in the Irish Sea from childhood, and were all sailors by both inheritance and training, and the consequence was that nearly every able-bodied boy went to sea by the time he was fifteen or sixteen years old, or earlier in case he was strong and well developed.

The inhabitants of this village all had thesame family name, and most of the other little settlements along that rockbound coast were under the same conditions. This was a survival in part of the old Gaelic clan system of government, and was caused partly by the laws of primogeniture then in effect in one way or another in all of the countries subject to the English laws. The land could not be sold, but descended to the eldest son, and personal property was divided among all of the children of the family of a decedent. In the few cases where there was no son or grandson to inherit, the land fell to the eldest daughter and, as she was very apt to be married to a man of a different name, and perhaps resided in another village, she sometimes declined to give up her husband's property rights elsewhere in order to claim her own, and if she failed to take possession

and reside on the homestead to which she had fallen heir, she forfeited her rights to it and it passed to others. In case a daughter thus inherited and took possession of land her husband took her family name, but I do not know that he was compelled by law to do so.

It was a rule of the church, then in force and strictly executed, that men and women should not intermarry when of the same blood and closer related than cousins twice removed, so that the young men very often went to other villages for their wives, and the girls of a village, many of them at least, would marry men from other parts. Very few of either sex married under the age of twentyfive years.

Owing to the scarcity of land no larger population could find homes on that then remote and rockbound coast, and therefore most of the surplus inhabitants went to England, the North of Ireland, or the American colonies, by way of thesea which was always open.

The Edwards clan or family had lived on that coast forgenerations under the general conditions above described, not much differing from other families except that they had, as far back as tradition carried, been remarkable for their love of books and taste for learning, and fortheir educational attainments; and even in that dark period it appears that a little school was kept, and all of the girls and boys were able to read andwrite.

My great great grandfather, David Edwards, and his father before him, were Masters of small vessels trading mostly with foreign parts, and David had a great desire that his children should have a better chance in the world than he had when young, and accordingly on his return from one of his voyages he brought with him an Irishman, who had lost a leg in the wars in Flanders, and who was aman of good education and attainments (most teachers then were cripples), and employed him to educate his children, as well as other children in the village whose parents werenot able to pay something for tuition.

My great grandfather was the youngest child in a large family, and when he was a small boy his older brothers had mostly gone to sea, and the family had also been reduced by one or two of the older girls getting married and going to other parts of the world. He was exceptionally bright and mentally, and he had a taste for reading and a great thirst for knowledge, and a love for books, and, as the old Irishman still kept the little school, and made his home with the family, by the time the boy was fifteen years old he had acquired a good education in the literature of the Gaelic, Latin and English tongues, and was well enough grounded in Mathematics and Astronomy to be able to take observations and calculate the position of a ship in any portion of the then known world, and with these qualifications and a sound constitution, in addition to his practical knowledge of thesea gained in the fisheries, he went to sea as a common sailor.

He followed the sea for about thirty three years - visiting most parts of the then known and civilized world - and added much to his education, and accumulated a comfortable fortune for one in his station in life. Owing to his exceptional attainments, and his

capacity and reliability as a business man, he rose rapidly as a sailor, and while quite a young man reached the rank of Master Mariner, and during most of his long service at sea he was Captain and commander of the vessels on which he sailed. He must have been an unusually capable and successful officer, as during all this long period he never, when commander, lost a vessel or had one captured by warships or privateers during those troublous times - though he had been wrecked twice and captured by a privateer once while he was a common sailor and subordinate officer.

When his father became too old to longer go to sea, and had to go into retirement at the little village on the Welsh coast, the then young Captain [illegible] ( by which title we will henceforth call him) provided his parents, and a then unmarried sister, with all of the comforts of life and many of its luxuries, and claimed his home there as long as the old people lived, though he was seldom there, and was sometimes absent for several years at a time. His sister married some years later and settled with her husband, who was also a sailor, at Baltimore, Maryland, and when his mother died, about the year 1750, he changed his home to Baltimore, as he was then sailing mostly to and from American ports.

In his long knocking about the world he had added much to his education in nearly every department of human knowledge. He was particularly figted as a linguist, and had become so familiar with the French tongue, both written and spoken, that he often in later years said that he could speak and write with equal facility and ease in either Gaelic, English or French, and he also had a fairly good speaking and writing acquaintance with Dutch, Spanish, Portugese and Italian - then the languages of commerce.

He had also in his extensive experience seen so much of tyranny and cruelty and oppression that he had acquired a bitter and deep seated hatred for the laws and customs of the old world, and for its class distinctions, and he had often said that if he ever settled down permanently, and raised a family, it should be in the western wilds of America, where he thought that possibly class distinction, with all of its concomitants of land monopoly, oppression and tyranny might never reach - in fact the Captain, our honorable ancestor, had in his philosophy of freedom almost reached the position of the highly educated class of anarchists of the present time.

He had accumulated what was for a man of his tastes, in a new country, a competence sufficient to enable him to pass his remaining days in freedom and ease, even with a family, and to reasonably secure him against the common helplessness of old age, so, in the spring or early summer of the year 1754, on his return to Baltimore from a voyage to the East Indies, he turned over his ship to its owners, much to their regret, and took his farewell of the sea forever.

He had many books in many languages which he had picked up in various parts of the world, and he now purchased enough to fill out and complete a large library, and sat down to indulge himself in an extensive course of reading which he had long had in view. He enjoyed this quiet and ease for a few months as might be expected of a man how had lived such a stirring life, and who for so many years had had so little leisure time in which to indulge his favorite pursuits; but ere long his steady course of reading was interrupted in a very unexpected way. His landlady was a very worthy widow, [illegible]

well along in years and was an invalid, and the only other member of her family was an unmarried daughter about twentyfive years of age. This daughter was tall and strong, and of fine form and comely appearance; was an excellent cook and housekeeper and manager, and was skilled in all kinds of work which fell to the part of women in those days. She was of good family; was of good mind and manners, and was well educated for her day, and it was not strange that the steady reader after awhile began to pay almost as much attention to her as to his books, or that she should admire the middle aged Captain of such fine appearance and manners, who was so well educated and knew so much, and who could tell such entertaining stories of the sights and happenings in the many lands that he had visited. He made known to her his determination to settle on the extreme frontier where he could be free, and she, being a daughter of the Highlands of Scotland, and almost as much devoted to liberty and freedom as was he, agreed to go with him if her mother could go too, and it was settled that the marriage should take place, and the move be made early in the following spring. On the approach of winter the widow's health failed rapidly, and she was much troubled at the thought of leaving her daughter alone, so, at her request, the marriage took place about Christmas, and she died a few weeks later.

Early in the following spring the two Apostles of Liberty set out for the fontier, and were soon settled in a double log cabin in the mountains, on the headwaters of the James River, and in that vast domain then, or some time later, known as Greenbrier County, Virginia. The Captain managed somehow, at considerable expense, to have his books transported to this wild region, and then again sat down to his course of reading, and this time he was not interrupted much for some years. He had never in his life been on a horse. He did not know how to chop, or split rails, or build fences, or to do any other ofthe many things needful about a home in the wilderness, and he never afterward tried to acquire such accomplishments. He however, had money, which was then and there in much greater demand than was the ability to do farm work, and he had no difficulty in getting any neededwork done promptly and at small cost. He was of a sociable disposition and greatly enjoyed the company of the rude frontiersmen around him, and was always glad to lay down his books andtalk with them. He would lend his books to such as could read, and would teach the young people and the children of his neighborhood, and of course he soon became very popular, and was of much service in his neighborhood; but he would not turn his hand to farm work of any kind unless it was something that was absolutely necessary to be done, and when there was no one else to do it. He said that he did not know how to work on land, and there was no deep water there for him to work on, and that he had done his full share of hard work along ago and did not propose at his time of life to learn any new trades. He saw however that it was necessary to learn to ride and shoot in order that he might be able to do his full part in protecting the settlements against the Indians, who were then giving much trouble, and this duty he never attempted to shirk or avoid in any way; so he bought a horse and a rifle and began to practice, and afterward became a fairly good horseman and a good marksman and hunter.

Here he remained until the spring of 1764 , when he went, with several families of his neighborhood, to found a new settlement on the head waters of New River, in the same spacious County of Greenbrier and Colony of Virginia as they then supposed, but which later proved to be just over the line in the Colony of North Carolina - a wild region

of high hills and narrow valleys, lying between the Blue Ridge and the main range of the Alleghanies - and here he and his old neighbors built their cabins and proceeded to live in about the same simple manner as they had lived previously, in comfort and ease and contentment, until the beginning of the war of the Revolution. When his older boys grew large enough to work he had them trained in all kinds of work connected with the rude farming and stock raising practiced in that neighborhood, and when they were of a proper age he had each of them to become well skilled in some trade or calling other than farming. He told them that their little Utopia could not exist always; that the tide of immigration would finally reach them or their descendants, and that they could not always get out of its reach, and that finally they would have to grapple with the world as he and others had done in the old world, and that the best possible preparation for that battle which must finally comewas for each boy to become master of some useful trade, and for all, both boys and girls, to secure a good English education as early in life as possible (lest they might miss it by delay), and he advised them to get out of the mountains and get possessions of some of the rich and level lands lying to the westward as soon as the condition of Indian warfare would permit.

He managed always to have a school kept in the neighborhood, to which the children of the poor could go free of charge - all others contributing according to ability - and when the brighter pupils advanced beyond the ability of the teachers to instruct them further, he would himself instruct them in the higher branches of education, whenever they seemed to have an ambition to get up higher. He was very reticent in regard to money matters, and no one but his wife had any knowldge of the extent of his monetary resources, and she only enough for safety in case of his sudden death. It was known that he had some money, and it was generally supposed that he was a secret contributor to the above menticned schools, outside of his open contributions, as without some outside help no such institution could have been maintained regularly in such a region. He was determined that his own children should have a chance for a good English education, and this was the only way that he saw to carry out his purpose. The teachers were generally from the North of Ireland and were above the average for that time in and that remote region.

He subscribed for such newspapers as were published in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Williamsburg, which were sent, by some rude mail system then in vogue, to Lynchburg - one hundred or more miles away - which was then thenearest market town, and they were sent from there by any one from the New River settlements who chanced to go to Lynchburg for purposes of trade, and he generally received his papers about once a month on a average, though sometimes the interval would be longer. In this way he kept in touchwith the outside world to some extent, and was generally well posted in regard to the various political developments, both in the colonies and the mother country, which preceded the Revolution.

He was an ardent patriot and a supporter of the rights of the colonies against the mothercountry, and whenthe struggle was commenced he went to Lynchburg and offered to enlist in the first company raised there, but on account of his age, being then

over seventy years old - they declined to receive him. He came back home much depressed. He said that they would not receive him, and that his boys were too young to go, but that he would send a substitute if possible, as he did not intend that the war for liberty should be fought without him or his family taking part in it and sharing in the glory. Like many others, and at the beginning of all wars it is thesame, he thought that the struggle would be over in a short time - before his boys would be old enough to take part - but it lasted until two of them were old enough to take a hand in the King's Mountain campaign, and the eldest afterward served against Cornwallis in North Carolina and Virginia, and was present at the surrender at Yorktown. He told of a certain man at Lynchburg who was organizing a mounted company, in which each man was to furnish his own horse and complete outfit, with a view to service as a body guard and as couriers at Washington's headquarters, and every one of whom should be able to read and write and should be under thirty years of age, and he had much to say of the honor it would be for a young man to serve in such a company. Now it happened that there was in the neighborhood a poor widow named Craig, whose husband and two of her sons had been killed by Indians in theborder wars, leaving her youngest son, who was now about twentyfive years old, as her only support, and she was getting old and feeble - not feeble so much from age as from the hardships of life in which misfortune had been her constant companion. Her husband had taken the part ofthe Pretender in the revolution of 1745 in Scotland, and her father and one brother had lost their lives in the same cause. She and her husband had fled to the colonies, and had tried to lose themselves on the frontier, but fate seemed to be against them, and she was now old and feeble, with only her son left to stand between her and want. Her hatred of the whole English race was bitter and unrelenting, and when her son showed a desire to participate in the war, and stated to some of the neighbors that only for the helpless condition in which his mother would be left he would volunteer, she told him to go on; that she and her little granddaughter would get along somehow, and that she had sooner perish than that the colonies should lose the services of such a man as he was on her account. Young Craig had heard of the proposed company at Lynchburg and was anxious to joinit, but owing to his poverty and his mother's condition, it was out of the question, for although he was magnificent in his physical proportions; had sufficient education to stand the test, and his mettle had been tested in two Indian campaigns under Sevier and Shelby in which he had come fully up to the measure, yet he had no suitable horse or equipments, and had no money to purchase a suitable outfit.

When the old Captain heard of the young man's desire to enlist, and of his mother's heroic stand, he decided that the time had come when he could do something for the cause; so he rode over to see the family and told the young man that if he wished to go he should not be hindered by lack of a horse and outfit; that he himself would furnish him as good a horse as could be had in the settlements, with arms and a full outfit, and with sufficient money to enable him to make a respectable appearance at Lynchburg, and to live like a man of respectability until he could be put regularly in the service, and that he would see that his mother and niece lacked for nothing during his absence.

The young man went off joyfully, and I may as well say here that he served continuously until the siege of Yorktown, where he was badly wounded and was discharged. He distinguished himself greatly and rose to the rank of Captain. He was supplied with clothes from the settlements during all these years and, after his promotion, with money to enable him to maintain himself in a style suitable to hisrank. The old widow died a few years later, and the granddaughter was taken into the family of the old Captain permanently, and some years later was married to one of his sons. On one of young Craig's visits home during the war the old Captain was surprised to learn, though it had long been known to his wife, that a very strong affection existed between his oldest daughter Sally, and the young soldier, and that it had been settled between them before he went to the war that they would be married as soon as their circumstances would permit. On learning this the Captain, with his usual promptness, insisted that the marriage should take place at once; that he would be proud of such a son-in-law, and that there was no doubt in regard to a man of Craig's mould being able to care for a family. There being no objection the marriage took place immediately, and the daughter remained with her parents until Craig's discharge. We shall hear of this couple again, at the seige of Bryan's Station in Kentucky.

In the year 1778 the Captain met with a chance to exchange his home to great advantage for a better improvement in the Shelby settlement on the Holston, and removed there with all of his people and belongings. This settlement was in what is now Sullivan County, Tennessee, (then North Caroli na), and as he had been well acquainted with the Shelbys, and with many of the other inhabitants of that section, for several years, it did not seem this time likemoving among strangers. He had an idea that his family would be safer in this more remote region than on New River, as he feared that in the ruthless struggle, then beginning in the Carolinas, the Tories might in some of their raids even reach those secluded valleys, and take vengeance on his people for his well known active participation in the war. The man with whom he exchanged locations had a very fine property, which was well improved, on the Holston, but he was secretely a Tory, and had become alarmed at the public hanging of his kind on very slight proof of Toryism, and decided that, while yet alive, it would be best to flee from the wrath to come, and so both parties were well satisfied to cross the main range of the mountains.

The Indians, incited by the British and Tories, about this time determined to exterminate the settlers on the Holston, and it was about as much as the whites could do for a year or so to hold back the deluge. The Campbells, on the upper Holston, managed to hold in check the Indians from the Northwest, and thus protected the frontier of Virginia, while the fury of the storm, coming up the Tennessee and French Broad Rivers, was met and held back by the men of the Robertson, Sevier and Shelby settlements on the Holston and Nolichucky. It was o fearful struggle. The Indians would rain the lower settlements whenever they could find an opening, and the whites, always in larger force, would in turn raid the Indian settlements down

the river, and would burn and destroy their towns and take fearful vengeance, No prisoners were taken by the whites - all Indians being killed on sight, and the British and Tories were promptly hung without trial or a moments delay. The old Captain, with his two sons who were old enough for service, took part in several of these expeditions, and in the early winter of 1779 and '80 he returned from his last trip down the river. The hardships of the campaign had been too much for one of his advanced age and failing strength, and when he came back to his mountain home it was thought by his family and friends that it was only to die. He was sick for many months, during which time he was visited by most of the principal men of the region, and was highly complimented for his services. His superb constitution and temperate life, with his determined resolution to live to see the triumph of the Colonies, finally brought him back from the valley of shadows, and during the summer of 1780 he was again able to mount his horse and visit the cabins and stations of the settlers on the upper Holston, and as far down as the Watauga, and did much to help the families (financially and otherwise) of the men who were away fighting the British, Tories and Indians.

Here, in September, 1780, he was among the first to hear the message of Ferguson, the great leader of the British and Tories in the Carolinas, denouncing "the men of the western waters", and his threat to cross the mountains and hand their leaders; put to death all their fighting men, and utterly destroy their settlements with fire. He at once mounted his horse and helped to rally the force which Col. Isaac Shelby was to lead across the mountains, and announced that he himself proposed to be one of the party. All of the efforts of family and friends to change his purpose were in vain. He said that he would go willingly even if it was known to him beforehand that he wouldperish in the effort to destroy their hated enemy before he could cross the mountains, and on the day appointed he, with his two sons, William and David, and his son-in-law, McFarland, who had recently married his second daughter, joined the party at the Sycamore Shoals of the Watauga. On account of his age Colonel Shelby would not let him be enrolled in the ranks, but accepted his services as an Aide on his staff. He had the best horse in the little army, and he managed to be of much service, though no duty was required of him except such as he volunteered to perform; and it was said afterward by Colonel Shelby and other officers, that the presence among the men of the old white headed sailor, his well known exhalted patriotism, his silent and cheerful endurance, without complaint, of fatigue, rain, cold and hunger, and his constant exhortations around the camp fires to the young men to stand up like men, and never to turn back until Ferguson's army was overtaken and utterly destroyed, was worth more to the expedition than would have been the services of quite a number of able bodied men.

In the weeding out of the broken down men and horses at Green River and the Cowpens he refused to be left behind, and he was with the advance on the whole of the dark, rainy night before the battle. A little before daylight he was strick by a limb of a tree, under which his horse had carried him, and which he could not see, and fell to the ground, landing on his right side and across a small log, and was for a short time unconscious. He soon rallied and was helped on to his horse and overtook the command, and insisted that he was

not much hurt. On arriving at the foot of King's Mountain he dismounted with the rest and joined the ranks, and took part in all of the charges and retirements of Shelby's column, and was with the advance when it finally reached the summit of the mountain and captured the British camp. As soon as the excitement of the fight was over his strength failed, and he suffered much during the following night from the jurt in his side. One son was wounded in the fight, but was able, with a little help from willing comrades, to care for himself, leaving his oldest son, William, and his son-in-law, McFarland, to care for the old Captain. He was assisted to his horse the next morning, and every morning thereafter, and received every possible attention, but the pain in his side frew worse continually, and he suffered much on the homeward march of two hundred miles or more and across the mountains.

My grandfather was a small boy at the time, but remembered well the departure and returnof his father and brothers and brother-in-law on the King's Mountain expedition, and I have heard him relate it more than once. He said that very few men were left at home except the old and infirm, and the settlers wereconsidered to be in much danger from the Indians during the absence of their ablest defenders. The few able bodied men left behind to protect the settlements directed all women and children who were left alone to move in with others - getting three or four families together when possible - in orderthat one or two active men, if possible, with a few of the larger boys, could be with each party. In this way some eight or ten persons of different families, in addition to the Captain's own family, were collected at his house. When the first news was brought that Ferguson was killed and his whole army killed or captured, and that the men were on their way home, there was wild excitement and joy, which would have been unrestrained had it not been for the terrible fear of each one that his or her loved ones might be among the killed. When the little party of warriors from that neighborhood arrived at the old Captain's home they were met there by most of their mothers, sisters , wives and children, who were overjoyed to find that none were missing, and the old Captain was helped from his horse for the last time, and was able to walk to the door, with the assitance of one of his daughters on each side. His clothing was changed and he was put in bed and made as comfortable as possible, but he would not try to sleep until he had described the battle at great length.

He was never able to leave home again, and was not strong enough to leave the house for several months, and then he could only walk in the yard occasionally with the assistance of another person. The pain in his side was constant and severe, and finally an abscess formed, which came to a head but never healed. He was confined to bed for several months and was unable to read, and the latter was to him almost as great an affliction as the pain in his side; but toward spring he was able to sit in a chair, which was made to suit him, and after this he had the comfort of his books and was able to write some; and during that spring he wrote, for the information of his children and grand children, the history of his family, and of his own life up to the time of his settlement on the Holston - supplemented by a short account of his last expedition against the Indians on the French Broad River, and of the participation of himself and his sons, William and David, and his son-in-law McFarland, in the

King's Mountain campaign. During the winter, while he was confined to bed, he had members of the family to read to him every line of such papers as could be procured, and thus managed to keep in touch with the progress of the war. About the first of the following autumn he began to fail steadily in strength, and he was himself the first to notice it. He told his wife and older children that his time was up, and that the end was not far off. He said that his house was in order, except a few little matters of business which he would have ample time to arrange, and said then and afterward up to the end, that he had no more fear or dread of death than of the coming on of darkness of a summer's evening, and regarded it in much the same light, and that he did not wish to live longer than such time as he could be sure of the success of the Revolution, which he thought was close at hand. It was then knwon that the armies of the Americans and French, and the French navy, were closing in on Cornwallis in Virginia, and it was believed that he would be crushed, and that his defeat would practically end the war, and the old Captain had a consuming desire that he might live and retain his right mind until he could hear of the victory.

His ardent wish was gratified sooner than he expected, for the news soon came that Cornwallis was shut up in Yorktown and sorely beset on all sides, and a little later came news of the surrender of his whole army. There was then indeed wild joy in all of those remote valleys, even greater than they year before on the return of the King's Mountain expedition, and it was correctly assumed that the war was practically over and independence gained.

The old sailor was wild with excitement and joy. To be sure the same messenger that brought the first circumstantial account of the victory also brought the news that his son-in-law, Captain Craig, was severely wounded; but the old man took a hopeful view of that fact from the start. A few days later there came news that he was supposed to have a chance for recovery if he could have good care, and at once his wife, Sally, with a young brother for company, started on horseback on the long journey to his side. She was well supplied with money by her father, and instructed not to spare it if necessary to her husband's comfort, and about Christmas they returned with Captain Craig in an ox cart which had been purchased in Virginia. The old Captain had all the news from Virginia carefully sifted and compared with a view to get at the real facts, and in all of the statements he heard much of the exploits of General Lafayette, and he gave him, and the French army and navy, most of the credit for the great victory -- which would indeed have been impossible without them -- and insisted that every one should in some way express the public and individual gratitude of the Americans. In the latter part of November, and unexpected opportunity occurred to communicate through a reliable channel with the seaboard. The Shelby family had some business of importance in Maryland that had long been neglected on account of the war conditions, and now, when the road was open and safe, they sent a trusty and capable messenger -- the Rev. Samuel Doak -- to deliver some papers to their agents there, and to bring back a statement of the condition of their business. The old Captain took advantage ofthis chance to have some of his own business in Baltimore attended to, and to write a letter to General Layfe Lafayette - hoping that the letter might some time

reach him, but little dreaming that it would go directly to him and that he would answer itat once. It was his last writing in the world, and when the letterwas finished he laid down his pen forever. He wrote while propped up in his chair before the fire, and the writing took several days. When tired out he would be put back in bed, and was not able to resume work generally until the next day.

He wrote of his own long service on thesea; of his long and intimate acquaintance with the ports and people of France; of his hatred of tyranny and despotism in every form; of his coming to America and of his lifelong devotion to liberty, and expressed the deep and heartfelt gratitude of himself and his people in the mountains to Lafayette, and to the army and navy and people of France, for their patriotic and effectual assistance to the cause of liberty in its direst straits, ventured the prophecy that, while Lafayette might, and doubtless would, achieve great distinction in the world, he would be remembered in history more on account of his contribution to liberty in the New World than for anything he might do beyond the seas, and that his name would live for ages in the affections of the people whom he had so nobly served; and the letter wound up with the fervent prayer that the spark of liberty, which Lafayette and his countrymen had so nobly assistend in lighting here, might in time light up the old world, and sweep away all tyranny and oppression everywhere, and that France might be the next to experience its belssings. He said but little of his own services in the cause, merely saying that he had graciously been permitted in his old age to help a little and that he had done what he could; and, as an especial mark of honor and respect for Lafayette, he wrote it in the French language.

The Rev. Doak read and translated the letter to Col. Shelby who, on noticing that the old man had passed so slightinly over his own services, added a statement as to the learning, character, standing, patriotism and services of the writer, and stating that he was then on his deathbed as a result of injuries received in the King's Mountain campaign.

The trusty messenger left about the first of December and returned in the latter part of February. He attended to the business that had been intrusted to him, and then made a short visit to his old home in New Jersey, where he met with General Lafayette, and had the pleasure of delivering the letter into his hands. He said that the young man seemed much affected on reading the letter, and asked many questions concerning the writer, and asked the messenger to call at his quarters the next day for a letter that he would write in answer. He called and received the letter, and in due time delivered it on the Holston. When the old Captain received the letter from the hands of the old preacher, with the statement that it was received by him from General Lafayette's own hands, he sat for a while as if dumbfounded. He then opened it and read it carefully through to himself - the family all assembled around him, and waiting patiently until such time as it would be translated to them, and looking upon it with as much respect and awe as if it had been one of the original tables of the ten commandments - and he then went back and read it aloud, translating each sentence as he went into English, and occasionally rendering a sentence into the Gaelic tongue ( with which all present were familiar) when the English equivalent was involved or obscure. The old Cap-

tain was now failing very fast, so he asked the old preacher to write out a careful English translation of the letter, and to be present and read it at a celebration of the ~~xix~~ victory at Yorktown for which he had prepared, and which was to come off the next week.

Barbecues in honor of the event had been given in several neighborhoods - at the Wolf Hills; at old Evan Shelby's, and on the Nolichucky - but the feeble old man could not attend to take part in the rejoicing; so he determined to have a celebration at his own home where he could, even in his feebleness, take some part. Cattle and sheep and other necessary supplies, including wild meats, were provided entirely at his own expense, and even a few pounds of powder for fireworks wasadded to the supplies. The cooking was done in front of the house - just outside of the yard fence - and tables, of split boards from the nearby forest, were set in the yard. All of the men, women and children in the valleys for many miles around attended. During the forenoon the celebration was mostly of a semi-religious type - singing and prayer being sandwiched in between short patriotic talks, and the services were held on the front porch , in order that the Captain, who lay on his bed just inside, might hear everything. After the bountiful dinner was properly disposed of the ~~Captain~~ Captain directed that his large chair be placed on the out edge of the porch, and he was carried out and seated in it - well wrapped in blankets and furs. He said that he had ordered dinner much earlier than usual on such occasions in order to have plenty of time for all of the distinguished men present to be heard from; that he himself would make a short talk, and that immediately afterward the letter of General Lafayette would be read, and that then he would give the further control of the meeting entirely into the hands of his guests. He had all of the girls and boys come to the front and, to the surprise of everyone, addressed his remarks entirely tothem and said little about the war - only speaking of what its results would be, and of the glorious future that he foresaw for them and their descendants, if they would only live up to the splendid opportunities that would soon open to them. He spoke of the cramped conditions of his own native land - even if it might be called a land - where the only chance for even the most ablebodied to make a living was to go to sea, and wrest a scanty livelihood in commerce with foreign countries, and he compared the pitiful little garden patches of the old world with the millions of square miles of the richest lands in the world which lay to the westward and close at hand, and which they, even then, could have by merely taking possession and living on them. He advised them to embrace every opportunity of improving their education, in order that they might be fit for the grand future that was certainly in store for some of them; to acquire and on all occasions to use good language and manners; to marry when old enough and go upon their own land and be independent even if ~~as~~ poor; exhorted the girls to learn above all other things to practice strict economy and cleanliness in housekeeping, and advised the boys to use liquors very sparingly, if at all, and to be always ready to fight fortheir homes and country whenever it might be necessary, and all to look forward and upward to the time, which would surely come some day, when there would be no more slavery, or tyranny of classes, or pretension of divine right to rule others, or despotism of any type, in the whole world. Rev. Samuel Doak then told of his visit to Lafayette, and when he read the wonderful letter, which was in part addressed to the heroes of King's Mountain, and was unstinted in their praise, and of the importance of their wonderful achievement, the wildest enthusiasm was aroused. A great many of them, with their

families, were present, and when it came to where the letter stated that "but for the King's Mountain there could have been no Yorktown," the sentence had to re-read several times.

After this day the old Captain began to show signs of speedy departure. During the last two weeks of his life he was practically free from pain, and was able to talk to his family and friends to the last. He died as he had lived, in his right mind and without fear. He had Lafayette's letter read to him every day during his last week, and on the day before his death he repeated, in presence of the whole family, the directions he had long before given to his wife in regard to the removal of the family to Kentucky as soon as he should pass away, and as to the education of the younger children. He died early in March, and was buried at the foot of the mountain, just back of the garden. His burial was attended by all of the notable men of the Holston settlements, and by a vast crowd of men and women and children from the adjoining neighborhoods. His religion was a mixture of the old stern and unyielding Presbyterianism of his ancestors with the principles of philosophy, and mixed also heavily with his devotion to the Rights of Mankind and an unyielding hatred of tyranny and oppression in every form.

In order to understand the particulars of the removal of the family to Kentucky, and of their settlement here and their later dispersion, it will be necessary to go back some years, and to give a short account of a very extraordinary man who had become identified with the family, and who remained and claimed his home with some of its members until his death somewhere about the year 1820.

Late in the afternoon of a cool day in the month of November, 1765 my great grandfather was sitting by a comfortable fire engaged in reading, at his home in the New River settlement, when a stranger called at the yard fence and asked for lodging for the night. My great grandmother, who answered the call, told him that they never turned off any traveler, and that they would be glad to entertain him, as he could probably give them the news from other parts. He was apparently about thirty years old and was of fine appearance; carried a rather heavy pack and a fine looking rifle, and was dressed in a style that would indicate at that time a hunter or trapper of the better sort, or possibly a trader. He stated that his name was Henry Skeggs; that he was a hunter and trapper; that he had been in Canada during the French War, which had recently ended; and that he was then on his way to Louisiana or the Spanish possessions with a view of locating there. After supper he and the old Captain talked until very late, and each was surprised to find in the other a man of fine education and a general knowledge of the world; and the stranger was amazed to find on this remote frontier a man who had apparently been everywhere, and a collection of books which would have been a credit to the grandest mansion in the American Colonies. The next morning he said that, as he was a little footsore, and as he could not proceed farther until he could meet with some party of traders who were on friendly terms with the southwestern Indians, he would like to stay a few days, or perhaps weeks, and he was invited to stay; but he insisted then, and every afterward, on paying a liberal and stipulated sum each week for his board. He remained from week to week, and seemed to greatly enjoy the chance to renew his acquaintance with books. Some days he would read nearly all day, and on other days he would goout on the mountains and kill a bear, or a deer or some turkeys. He set out a string or of traps and collected some fine

furs during the winter, and it was seen that he was an accomplished hunter and trapper. He never read after supper, but he and the Captain would sit up late almost every night, talking of the great world of which they both knew so much; of science, literature and art; of history, philosophy, religion and politics, and of a thousand other matters of interest to both; but in all of their talk in the presence of others, and of Skeggs with other persons, then and every afterward, he never said one word even that gave any clue as to where he came from originally, or of anything connected with his life previous to his arrival in the New River settlements on that November afternoon. He never said anything more about going to Louisiana or the Spanish possessions; but early in the following spring he took his rifle and a good supply of ammunition and crossed the mountains to the Holston valley. Before leaving on this trip he placed in the Captain's hands a large sum of money, and this money was never called for up to the time of the death of the latter, and was then placed in the hands of others of the family, and was in the hands of my grandfather at the time of Skeggs' death over half a century later. He was gone several months, and when he returned he had a pack of very fine furs which he said he had bought of the Cherokee Indians. He said that he had met some Creole traders who were acquainted with the Cherokees, and he had gone with them down the Holston and Tennessee rivers two or three hundred miles to the Indian towns; that he had made friendly trading arrangements with the Indians, and would go back there and trap the next winter.

From this time until 1769 he made occasional trips down the Holston, French Broad and Tennessee rivers - always returning with several packs of fine furs which he would send to Lynchburg for sale. He explored the country as far as Cumberland Gap, and as far beyond as the forks of the Cumberland River, and down the Tennessee as far as the mouth of the Sequatchie River, and ~~xxxxxx~~ he gained the confidence of the Cherokees, by fair and honest treatment, to such an extent that, even in time of war with the whites, he could go among them with perfect safety to himself and others who might be with him. He never would sell them any powder, or any war supplies of any kind, but would, when they were in the right of any controversy, stand for their rights, and help to get justice for them. He was on intimate terms with Sevier, Robertson and other leaders of the settlers on the Holston, and his influence helped much in the peace negotiations after each of their many wars. He succeeded in restoring many women and children to their friends, who were in captivity with the Indians.

In the spring of 1769 he went with a large party of explorers, hunters and trappers, through the Cumberland Gap and down the Cumberland and Green Rivers, to the "barrens", in which is now Green, Metcalfe, Hart, Barren and Warren counties in Kentucky. They made a camp on Pitman's Creek in Green County, and, with that as a base, they scattered out in parties of two or three, trapping and hunting. This party was afterward known as "The Long Hunters" owing to their long absence from their homes, and the names of ~~xxxxxx~~ of them, among which the name of Henry Skeggs is mentioned, are given in many of the early histories of Kentucky. Some of this party went back the next year, and some remained two or three years, and a few went down to the French settlements on the Mississippi. Skeggs and two comrades spent

most of the winter of 1770 and '71 trapping beaver at the big beaver dam on Beaver Creek, in Barren County, where the Glasgow and Munfordville road crosses said creek. Their camp was near the old 'Squire John Garnett homestead, where Adolphus Depp now resides, and about fifty years ago the spot was pointed out to me, and signs of the camp were at that time plainly visible.

In the spring of 1771 the members of the party who had remained found themselves with many hundreds of skins of the beaver, otter and mink, which were of great value, besides deer skins by the ton, and they at first determined to return to the Virginia and Carolina settlements to dispose of them. When enough had been packed up to load most of the horses on hand it was decided to send for supplies and remain and trap another year, and Skeggs, with three men who did not wish to remain longer, was selected to take the skins to the settlements and dispose of them and to bring back powder and other needed supplies. He made the trip to the New River settlements without trouble or delay, and sent the furs on the Lynchburg markets by an experienced trader, who disposed of them for a large sum, and returned with a supply of ammunition, clothing, blankets and other articles needed by the trappers - he remaining with the old Captain and enjoying a much needed rest.

Daniel and 'Squire Boone had passed through the Watauga settlements, only a few weeks before his party reached the Holston, on their return from a two years stay in Kentucky, and Skeggs here first learned that they had been in the "Cane lands" while he and the other "long hunters" had been on the borders of the "barrens", and heard their stories of the beauty and richness of the "cane lands."

With a few men who were eager to join him he made the return trip safely, and early in the fall he rejoined his companions on Pitman Creen in Green County, bringing them abundant supplies for the coming winter. They then broke up into small parties and trapped on the waters of Adair, Green, Cumberland and Metcalfe counties, and as far down as Beaver Creek and Skeggs' Creek in Barren County. They secured a vast quantity of fine furs, and late the next fall returned to the settlements. In the spring of 1773 Skeggs went with a small party to explore the country that Boone had described. They struck the Kentucky River near the mountains, crossed it and went Northward to the Licking River, thence turning to the westward they again crossed the Kentucky near the present site of Frankfort and went on to the Falls of the Ohio; thence south to the Rolling Fork and up same to the mountains, and returned home by way of the Cumberland Gap. On this trip he met the McAfee brothers and other locators, and at the Ohio Falls he met with Captain Thomas Bullitt and his party, who were locating and surveying lands there. He spent the following winter at home, and he and the old Captain spent much time over the map he had drawn of his explorations, and they both came to the conclusion that here would be a future agricultural empire of unequalled richness; and the old sailor selected this region for the future home of his family, and announced that he would settle them somewhere in its bounds as soon as the country could be considered safe for women and children.

Skeggs foresaw that the region would be settled rapidly, and that there would be a great demand for reliable guides for surveyors and land locators, as well as many chances for legitimate profits in the rise of land prices; so he determined to quit trapping and trading in furs and to engage exclusively in exploring the new land and guiding parties thereto; and to make such investments from time to time as might seem profitable. He led a party of surveyors to the new land the following spring, and put in most of the summer and fall in further explorations. In 1775 he took out another large party of surveyors and locators, and every spring thereafter up to 1882 he guided large parties of emigrants to the new land, and selected lands for them. He generally returned home about Christmas and spent the winter around the fireside with the old sailor, and in organizing his party for the "Wilderness Road" in the spring. It thus happened that he was with his old friend during the last two or three months of his life, and he promised him that he would remain until his death, and that as soon as he passed away he would pilot the family to Kentucky and settle them all on choice lands which he had already selected for them.

As soon as the old Captain was buried his widow, in obedience to his instructions, took immediate steps to get together the remainder of his money, and to dispose of all property which she could not take with her on pack horses, as they had no wagons, or roads to drive them over if they had been so fortunate as to own any, and by the first of April she was ready for the road, with all of her family and quite a number of other emigrants. All of the cattle were driven on foot by boys. When the money was counted there proved to be a little over six thousand dollars in gold, and it was put in two stout cotton bags and the bags put, one in each end, into the strong pair of saddlebags on which the widow rode to Kentucky, on the fine saddle horse which the Captain had rode to King's Mountain. The auto-biographical sketch which has heretofore been and will hereinafter be mentioned, and from which I learned most of the facts above narrated, gave no intimation of how the old sailor had managed to securely keep the remains of his fortune, in gold, during the troublous years of the Revolution, and nothing I heard from other sources gave me any information in regard thereto, or respecting how much money he had when he quit the sea. He was certainly a financial genius, and must have monopolized all of the financial ability intended for several generations of his descendants, as well as his own share, as few of them have so far as I know shown any ability to accumulate and hold much more of the world's goods than was necessary for a comfortable and independent living.

The party of emigrants passed without notable incident across the numerous mountains, valleys, creeks and rivers of what is now East Tennessee, and into Kentucky. At Cumberland Gap they met a small party returning from Kentucky, and learned from them that a large party of emigrants had, a few days previously been attacked by Indians near Rockcastle River; that they had beaten the Indians off, but had lost some stock and had one man severely wounded; that the Indians were from the Ohio country; that there had been raids made on many settlements already, and that much trouble was expected during the spring and summer. Skeggs held his party here a couple of days in order to give the pack horses a rest, and to enable a small party of emigrants to join his band. After crossing the Cumberland River they were waylaid on the trail and fired on by the savages, and one horse was killed and two men and a boy were slightly wounded; but they succeeded in killing one of the

Indians, and wounding another who barely made his escape. From this time they were constantly annoyed by the Indians, and made but slow progress, having to stop at all of the most dangerous places until skirmishers were sent out on the flanks and in front to clear the road. It was noticed by the old campaigners that the savages seemed to be working more toward delaying the whites than toward a general attack, and they therefore concluded that the Indians were being reinforced by small parties, and that they were only waiting to concentrate their whole force before making a regular attack. The whites lost two horses, and had several men slightly wounded in this advance, and finally, after crossing the Laurel River, went into camp one night in a narrow valley where several narrow, wooded ravines came together. Skeggs here called a council of all the experienced men present, and told them that the country from there to the Rockcastle River was very difficult and dangerous under the circumstances, but that if they could reach the "Hazel Patch", on or near said river, he would consider them safe; that the Indian force now seemed to be very strong and that they would certainly make an attack the next day; that the Northern Indians rarely moved in the early part of the night, and he recommended a forced night march in order to leave them well in the rear; and added that he had some hope of overtaking the large party of emigrants reported as being ahead, as they would probably stop at the "Hazel Patch" to rest their horses and to care for the man who was so severely wounded.

His advice was unanimously approved, and he at once gave orders for all to cook and eat supper and to put out fires before dark, and as soon as it was dark for the heaviest articles, and those of least value, to be taken out of the packs and secreted in the ravines, where the Indians in their haste would not be apt to find them; and then to pack up silently and, with the horses relieved of much of their burdens, to make a forced march for the "Hazel Patch." The old men, boys and women were to take principal charge of the stock, leaving most of the men and the older boys to protect the rear and flanks of the expedition.

After getting well started on the road the horses were whipped up to a good speed, and, during the whole of the cold, frosty night, this speed was maintained without a halt, through the wild, rocky and rough region which is now known as Laurel County, and where it looks safe. It seemed that the savages did not discover the flight of the emigrants for at least several hours, for their advance runners did not overtake the rear guard until a little after daylight, when they had reached a point within a few miles of "Hazel Patch". Skeggs, who had been with the advance mostly through the night, engaged in keeping order among the women and boys in charge of the stock, and in pushing the column ahead steadily all night without confusion or delay, now dropped to the rear and took charge there, leaving Captain Craig, who was now able to ride on horseback, to preserve order in front, and to prevent a panic in case of attack, which he expected very soon. He told Craig to look out particularly at a place ahead where there was a ben of the road around a hill, as the Indians might there attempt to make a cutt-off and attack the column in the center, which would, if successful, be well nigh fatal. The Indians began firing on the rear guard as soon as they could see to shoot, and a running fight was kept up for a mile or more, and, while seemingly beginning a regular attack on the rear, sent a strong party forward by a parth which made a cutt off where the main road ran around a hill, and intersected the road at the mouth of a ravine leading into it; but Capt. Craig, who was a close observer and a capable commander in every way, had taken notice of this ravine and selected it as the danger point; so he avoided

his advance guard and sent more than half of his men, under a reliable commander, with orders to go up the ravine and secret themselves, and to hold it at all hazard, if attacked, until the rear guard came up. This party had barely gotten into position, behind trees on one side of the ravine, when the Indians were seen coming down the path in a run ond in strong force. The first fire of the emigrants being at close range and with cool deliberation, was deadly, and a number of savages fell, a few being wounded, but most of them killed dead, and the rest were for the moment thrown back in confusion; but they noticed that the whites were greatly outnumbered and soon came on again; this time taking cover. Their confusion had given the whites time to re-load, and now a regular Indian battel began, both sides taking trees and every possible advantage; but the narrowness of the ravine was in favor of the smaller force of the whites, and they held the savages back until help reached them, which had been started by Skeggs from the rear as soon as he heard the firing ahead. The Indians had been too severely punished to launch another general attack, but still followed and gave some trouble. One man had been killed and several wounded in the fighting, but the dead man's body and the wounded men were brought forward and put on horses, so the savages got no scalps. Soon great cheering was heard in front, and word came back that a small party of white men had met the head of the column and brought the joyful news that a large party of emigrants were encamped near by. About an hour after sunrise, but before the sun's rays had reached the valleys, the advance guard came in full view of a beautiful, open valley in which the emigrants were camped. In this valley there were many patches of hazelnut bushes, which gave it its name of "Hazel Patch", and as the whole valley was now covered with a heavy coating of frost, it, and the friendly camp near its center, constituted a beautiful and welcome sight to the tired and war worn party.

When these two parties were united they were strong enough to defy the Indians; so a strong, mounted force, with enough pack horses, was sent back for the goods that had been hidden in the ravines at their last camp. They found the articles undisturbed, and saw no Indians on the trip. After resting a day or two, and grazing the stock in the little valley, the whole party moved on together, seeing no further signs of Indians, and in due time arrived at the settlements around Lexington. The men were all very anxious to get located at once in order to plant garden seeds and corn, but, owing to the fact that so many Indians were prowling around the settlements, it was not then considered safe for women and children to venture into new neighborhoods, where there were no Stations for their protection, and arrangements had to be made for them to remain where they might be considered as safe until the men could locate and plant crops. A man named Kennedy, who was an old neighbor of the Edwards clan in the New River settlements, had, a few years before, settled, with his wife and one son and three daughters, in that was then known as the "Craig Settlement," on the headwaters of North Elkhorn, about seven or eight miles northeast of Lexington, and near Bryan's Station, where he had put up a double log cabin with shed room and passage, and other improvements. His children had all married and gone to other settlements, and his wife had recently died, and he was making arrangements to go to Logan's Fort to live with his youngest daughter. He came down to see his old neighbors as soon as he heard of their arrival, and offered the widow the use of his house until such time as she could make permanent arrangements, and to let her cultivate his c[illegible] land until such time as he could sell it. Captain Craig, who had married her daughter Sally, had only partially recovered from his wounds received at Yorktown, and the hardships of the trip to Kentucky had so

exhausted him that he was at the time almost helpless; so it was arranged that the widow and her four boys, Ninian, John, Robert and Cader, who were too young to take up land, and the Craigs, should move into Kenndy's house and cultivate his farm, and her other daughter and the wives of her married sons, with their children, would remain with her until the men could plant crops and build cabins.

The widow told those who were going away that her husband had asked her to give each one of them a little money when they made a settlement in the new land, if she thought she could spare it, but to be sure above all things to keep enough to maintain herself comfortably, and to give the younger children as good an education as had been given to the older ones, better if possible, and she told them that when they had built their cabins and put in crops, for all to come back together and she would give each one of them a hundred dollars in gold.

As soon as these arrangements were planned Skeggs took all of the men of the party, except Captain Craig, to the lands which he had already selected, and located them, each one on two hundred acres, and had the lands surveyed and properly entered of record, and the men at once planted garden seeds and corn, and then erected cabins on each tract.

About the first of July the men returned for their women and children, and such stock and property as they had; and when all were assembled, and no one present but members of the family, the widow took out the saddlebags in order to distribute some of the money as she had promised to do. When the first pocket was opened it was found to contain closely wrapped chunks and bars of lead instead of the gold that was put into it on the Holston, but the gold in the other pocket was found to be intact.

Three thousand dollars in gold in the Kentucky settlements at that time was a comfortable fortune, and the consternation and grief of the old widow at the loss of such a sum can better be imagined than described. She had planned to do so much for her children with this sum, thinking that one half of the money left her would be enough to maintain herself and educate and care for her boys until they could care for themselves.

It was at once decided to say nothing about the loss, as the tale if told would inform everyone that the widow still had a great sum of gold, and she and her family would no longer be safe, as there were many desperate characters on the frontier at that time.

The widow gave fifty dollars each to her sons William, David, Alexander and Thomas and to her daughters Sally and Rachel, and all of them, except Sally, went to their new settlement, in what is now Woodford County. The settlement was known for many years as the "Edwards Settlement," and the lands in that neighborhood were said to be as good as any in Kentucky. In locating the lands Skeggs had selected a tract for the widow and one for Captain Craig, the widow's tract being entirely surrounded by the others, but the widow never settled on her claim, and it was, a few years later, occupied by her son Ninian when he became old enough to hold it. Captain Craig soon found himself pleasantly situated, as the Craigs, for whom the settlement on the Elkhorn was named, proved to be closely related t

his father. They were worthy people and wished him to remain among them, so the following autumn he exchanged his claim in Woodford County for an improved tract between the Craig Settlement and Lexington, and the widow bought a small tract about three miles from Lexington and adjoining Craig. Her reason for settling there was that a school wasthen opened at Lexington, and it was thought there that it would be much improved later on, which proved to be the fact, and it would afford a chance for the education of her boys. Her wisdom in this decision was vindicated a little later, when the best school west of the Alleghanies was to be found at Lexington, and here her four boys and thedaughter of her son William, were able to acquire as good an education as could then be obtained anywhere westward of Philadelphia; and here in these same schools, during the following ten years, the first Kentucky generation of the Marshals, Todds, Prestons, McDowells, McConnells, Harlans and Johnsons, and other noted families were educated.

Soon after the young men and their families left for their new homes there began to come into the Elkhorn settlements alarming rumors of Indian outbreaks, andabout the tenth of August it was deemed prudent for the women and children to move into Bryan's Station, taking with them their most valuable goods, as well as the best horses, with supplies for both men and animals, while the men would pass in and out during the day, but would all be in the Station at night. It was hus that, when Caldwell and McKee, with their large party of Canadians and Indians, appeared before the Station early on the morning of August 16th with the evident purpose of attacking it, the widow and her four boys, and Captain Craig and his wife and child with the old Captain's war horse were comfortably situated in the stockade. Before leaving the Holston Skeggs had advised every man to take with him as much powder and lead as possible, telling them that it would be badly needed, and that the price in Kentucky was very high. The consequence was that possibly no other party of emigrants had brought as much ammunition into this region and the widow, in addition to the stock purchased on the Holston, had also the large lot of lead which had been exchanged at par for her gold.

I presume that all for whom this writing will be of interest have read the history of the siege of Bryan's Station, which has a prominent place in all hitories of Kentucky that are worth reading; but if any reader hereof is not familiar with such history I would suggest that he or she at once procure and read a good history of that seige, and of the battle of the Blue Licks which immediately followed it, before reading further in this narrative, and, presuming that they will do so, I will say as little about the general well known facts of that notable event as is consistent with giving an account of the part taken therein by the members of the family.

At the first appearance of the Indians around the stockade it was rightly concluded that they were only the advance scouts of a large force, and that a great struggle was at hand; and when the women were called on to go to the spring, outside of the fort, for a supply of water, the old widow picked up a large bucket and was among the first to volunteer to go. Approaching age and many hardships had brought to her some increase in weight, and rheumatish to the point of lameness. Her daughter Sally told her that she was too old and lame to go; that she herself would take her place and her bucket as well as her own; that she was not afraid of capture, as she was as strong as any Indian and almost as swift on foot, and would make her escape in case of attack unless she was killed. She then handed her baby to her mother, picked up the two buckets and a long hunting knife (the latter of which she concealed about her person)

and, asking her mother to care for her baby if she should be killed, marched out of the gate among the very first, and returned among the last of the party, bringing the two buckets full of water.

The attack soon commenced in earnest, and lasted through the long day and the following night. Captain Craig was now able to walk, and of course did his part in the defense as far as able, and the two older boys, Ninian and John, assisted in every way possible, such as cleaning guns, carrying water and food to the men at the portholes, etc., and the two smaller boys, Robert and Cader did everything they were told to do, but were not allowed to go about the portholes. They however found some small xfxx cracks or holes in the walls of the cabins, or the timbers between them, and thus managed to see much of what was going on outside; and in his last days I have heard my grandfather tell it all at great length - including the dialogue between Simon Girty and Aaron Reynolds, which he heard.

During the night, while the savages were making onslaughts and yelling like the demons which they were; trying to build fires against the walls and pitching lighted torches inside, Sally Craig and the wife of Jacob Stucker were engaged together in moulding the widow's large supply of lead into bullets, and kept steadily to their work all night. The guns were of various calibers; so they would send Ninian and John tothe men at the portholes to get the bullet moulds of any man who was short of bullets. They would then run a number of bullets with each mould and the boys would return them, with the moulds, to the men, in order that no mistake might be made in the right size of bullets.

The savages gave it up and withdrew during the next afternoon, and late in the afternoon, when reinforcements arrived, preparations were made for pursuit the next day. The widow had never allowed any one but her own family to ride her husband's horse, but she now rose to the occasion and voluntarily offered her horse, with the Captain's saddle and pistols, to an officer who had come with the reinforcements and whose horse was too lame for the expedition.

Captain Craig had acquitted himself well in the fight, and his reputation as an officer under "ashington was so well known, that he was selected to command at the Station during the absence of the regular commander. The disastrous battle of the Blue Licks was fought the next day, and in the wild confusion of the retreat xxxxx across the river the widow's horse wasshot and very badly wounded, but the officer managed to bring him back alive, with the saddle and pistols, and after some months of careful nursing he began to improve, and finally reached his old standard of activity and style and beauty. Before bidding farewell to this horse I will tell the story of his proudest day and greatest triumph. When Kentucky was admitted to the Union, and Col. Isaac Shelby was elected as the first Governor, his old Revolutionary comrades arranged to escort him from his home, near Stanford, through Danville and on to Lexington to be inaugurated, and to make it a kind of triumphal procession. Shelby had always, and very justly, contended that his greatest claim to fame rested on his record at King's Mxxxxtx Mountain, and xxxx xxxryxxthexpxxtxakexuxedxxyxxhimxxxxthexxattlexxthexxthexhorsexhadxk...

was anxious that this record should be put prominently to the front on the assumption of his new honors; so he sent a special messenger with his compliments to the widow and asked for the loan of her horse for the occasion. It is probable that no other man in Kentucky would have been granted the favor, but she sent the horse, saddle and pistols, and they formed a very important feature of the procession and attracted much attention. Shelby had the news circulated that he would ride to the inaugural on a horse and saddle that had been ridden by his Aide at the battle of King's Mountain, and would carry the pistols used by him in the battle; that the horse had been ridden by a well known officer, and was terribly wounded at the battle of the Blue Licks, xxd but had recovered, and was well known as the best saddle horse then in Kentucky.

In the spring of 1916, on the occasion of the Department Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic held at Lexington, I, with the following named old army comrades, viz: J. T. Burton of Scott County, W. H. Dickinson of Hart County and Captain S. D. VanPelt of Danville, visited the site of Bryan's Station. It is on the north or northwest side of the Maysville turnpike, about six or seven miles northeastward of Lexington, and the ground which was enclosed by the old stockade is now occupied by the house and grounds of Mr. W. H. C. Wood, a cultivated and hospitable young gentleman who owns about eight hundred acres of the surrounding lands. His house stands on the top of a low, and rather narrow ridge, at a point which must have been close to the end of the stockade nearest to the spring. The spring from which the women carried water is at the foot of this end of the ridge, and the slope toward the spring here is a little steeper than elsewhere, but still only a moderate slope, and is on the bank of a small stream which is said to be the North Fork of Elkhorn. This spring was walled around with marble some thirty or more years ago - I think by the Daughters of the American Revolution - and the names of as many of the defenders of the Station, and of the women who carried the water, as could then be ascertained, are cut in the marble. Close to thetop of the list of the water carriers I was gratified to see the name of Sally Craig. I presume that her Husband's name is among those of the defenders; there are a number of the names of the Craigs, men and women, but, much as I have heard Captain Craig talked of in my youth, I now have no recollection of ever hearing his first name mentioned - he was always spoken of as Captain Craig, or merely as Craig. I saw there the name of Jacob Stucker, of whom I have heard so much from our family in my boyhood; he was a brave man, a noted Indian fighter; a good citizen, and had the reputation at that time of being the best marksman, and for carrying by far the best gun, in Kentucky.

When Mr. Wood saw our party at the spring he soon joined us, and seemed to take great pleasure in showing us around, and telling us all he knew of the locality and its interesting history. His house was built in the year 1796, and the brick walls and stone foundations seem to be as good as new, and will probably last for several more centuries. It must have been a grand house when firstbuilt, and at that time must have been very costly. Except a brick addition in the rear, and a veranda in front, it is unchanged. The rooms are

very large, with ceilings a little low, and there are old time comfortable fireplaces, with large brass andirons, fenders, shovels and tongs; and there are brass candlesticks and snuffers on the mantels -- all in the fashion of a century ago. While we were prowling around the grounds Mrs. Wood had prepared to entertain us at lunch, and we were, very unexpectedly to us, ushered into the dining room and invited to make ourselves at home. After lunch the hostess showed us about the house and explained how she had tried to arrange everything as well as she could with a view of keeping up the historical associations of the house and grounds in a fitting manner. She is a lineal descendent of Elijah Craig, whose name appears at the spring as one of the "defenders", and is justly proud of the fact. She is a living exemplar of old Kentucky manners and gentility, and a perfect type of the cultivated gentlewoman of the old regime; and she and her husband, and William, their exceptionally bright boy of seven or eight years, are certainly fine representatives of old time Kentucky hospitality.

After the battle of the Blue Licks it was not deemed prudent for the women and children to leave the Station for several months, as small raiding parties of Indians were constantly making forays in all parts of the district. In October Colonel Logan raised a force of several hundred men, among whom where Alexander and Thomas and their brother in law, McFarland, who joined General George Rogers Clark at the mouth of the Licking River, and in November took part, under his command, in the destruction of the Indian towns on the upper Miami. After this expedition quiet generally prevailed, settlers came in great numbers , and our people were never afterward in any great danger from savage inroads. The boys were kept in school about half of the year, and worked on farm, and each one at learning a trade, the balance of the time. In this way by the time they were eighteen years old they all had acquired a good English, and fair classical education. Robert had learned the trade of a cooper, and Cader that of carpenter. I do not know what trades or professions the others had learned, except that William was a doctor and Ninian afterwards became a lawyer. In the year 1786 Ninian took part in the last expedition of George Rogers Clark against Vincennes, and on his return he married and moved to the Edwards settlement in Woodford County. In the summer of 1790 John and Robert took part, under General Charles Scott, in the battle with the Indians at the mouth of the Scioto; in the following spring they were with Gen. Scott in his expedition against the towns on the Wabash, and Robert was with St. Clair in his ill starred campaign the following autumn, and participated in the terrible defeat of his army in November 1791 - he, however, coming out unharmed. About this time John married a girl in Bourbon county and settled there -- being the first one to leave the two family groups. Captain Craig finally recovered from his Yorktown wounds, and afterward became quite prosperous and was a man of influence in his neighborhood; the families in Woodford increased rapidly in numbers and to a reasonable extent in a financial way, but none of them, except William, had much money - in fact there was but little money in the country; Henry Skeggs still made his home with the widow and her boys, but was absent most of the time except in winter, and was engaged nearly altogether in the location of lands, and as a guide for land hunters and speculators.

few years later he took quite a liking for the "barrens," and spent much time in looking up lands there, and in helping to locate the large military warrants issued to the officers of the Revolution; but up to the year 1790 he had not advised any one to settle south of Green River, as he considered the region as too much exposed. He had often described to the families of the clan the lands on the borders of the barrens, which could then be had for about ten cents an acre and the costs of surveying and patenting, but had always advised them to stay where they were; but in the fall of 1790 Alexander concluded to go with Skeggs and see these lands. There were then no settlements south of Green River, except a few cabins near the river ~~with~~ which were occupied for a few days at a time occasionally in order to hold headright claims, and he had pick and choice of several counties, except the best lands along the water courses, which had been taken up under military warrants. After examining many locations he finally made an improvement near the spring where uncle Jimmy Bradley after ward lived for many yeara, near the point afterward known as "Chicken Bristle" but now known as Savoyard, in Metcalfe County, and on his return home he sold his land in the bluegrass at three and a half dollars per acre, and in the following spring moved to and settled at that place. He soon greatly improved his surroundings, as he was an industrious man and a good farmer, but for a few months he had no neighbors nearer than Green River and Little Barren. In the latter part of the summer and fall many settlers came in - many going much farther south than his location. About eighteen months after he settled in the barrens a party of Indians murdered some immigrants at the Oven Spring, in what is now Hart County, and they were pursued and all killed, and two prisoners recaptured, he being one of the pursuers. There were no ~~murder~~ murders by Indians in his section afterward.

About the first of June 179~~4~~ Robert and Cader enlisted in Gen. Scott's body of mounted riflemen and joined Gen. Anthony Wayne's army at Greeneville, Ohio, a few weeks before he left there on his campaign against the Indians on the Maumee River. They took part in the battle of the Fallen Timbers, and in the destruction of the houses and stores up to the walls of the British fort, and afterward in the capture and destruction of the Indian towns at and around the junction of the St. Marys and St. Joseph Rivers, where the city of Ft. Wayne now stands. On this campaign they made the acquaintance of Nimrod Crain, a noted scout for General Wayne, and after their discharge from the army, on the invitation of young Crain, they visited him at his father's home on the bank of the Licking River, about one and a half miles above its junction with the Ohio. Here Cader first met Elizabeth (Betsy) ~~Crain~~ Crain, who was then a beautiful girl about fifteen years old. Cader was employed by a boat building firm that had commenced business at the mouth of the Licking River, and on both sides of same,- where the cities of Newport and Covington now stand, and he remained there, working at his trade, until the spring of 1797. During this time he visited his mother regularly every few months as long as she lived, and it happened that he was on one of these visits at the time of her death. Robert had remained with her after his last return from the army, but after her death the family was broken up and he joined his brother Alexander in what is now Metcalfe County.

After the year 1782 the widow's ~~death~~ health was good, except occasionally spells of rheumatish which had seriously interfered with her ability to walk; but she could ride well, and she rode much about the neighborhood on her fine saddle horse. She visited each one of her children who lived in adjoining counties, once each year as long as she lived, and on all of these visits made each one of them a present, always in money, and to each one the same. Her daughter Rachel had moved to a farm near Stanford, in Lincoln County, and when she visited her she always visited Coloney (later Governor) Shelby, who was an old neighbor on the Holston. On the day before her death, in the year 1796, she rode into Lexington, in company with her daughter Sally, and made some purchases at the stores and attended to some other business. She was sick only a few hours before her death. She left directions as to the disposition of her little property, and as soon as she was buried her wishes were carried out. Her remaining money, amounting to about twelve hundred and fifty dollars, was divided equally among her ten children, and her remaining property was divided by mutual agreement, and all were satisfied except in one particular; she had always been a strong believer in the old country clan idea, and of the propriety of the law of primogeniture, and had directed that it should prevail in regard to all of the papers and peculiarly personal belongings of her husband. Under this law they would go to the head of the clan, which in this case at her death would be William, the oldest son. This was particularly against the wish of all the others, although they were not willing to directly oppose the old country idea of their mother in the matter. It was particularly unfortunate, for several reasons well known to all, that she had so directed, and there was a strong effort made to induce the eldest son to relinquish this old country preference and let those, to them, precious relics, be divided; but he was stubborn in the matter and insisted upon his traditional rights, and his father's horse, arms and equipments; his certificates of service in the various Indian wars in which he had participated, and of his service in the King's Mountain; the auto-biographical sketch which he had written during the last year of his life, with the supplement to same which was written by his oldest son, bringing the history of the clan down to the arrival at the Lexington settlements in 1782; the original Lafayette letter, with the English translation of same made by the Rev. Samuel Doak; the Family Bible, containing a complete family record, and many other valuable family and historical papers, all fell to the new head of the family or clan; and I will say here that a fatality seemed to attend them; the now old horse died within a month, and most of the other relics were, when no longer of actual use, either given away or burned up by the custodian's high tempered and rather masterful wife, and some years later even the auto-biography and the LaFayette letters, which were kept always under lock and key, were reported to be stolen, and none of the family, not even the custodian, ever knew what became of them. After my grandfather's death, the last one of the family to die, these papers, except the original LaFayette letter, turned up in strange hands, and I, when a boy, heard them read several times, and was allowed to read them myself; but the then custodian would not allow them to be copied, or to be taken out of her sight for a moment, and when she disappeared the papers I presume were lost forever. I will not give the particulars of this matter here, but any one of the family, having common discretion and so wishing, may learn from me, verbally, what I know further concerning the matter.

Late in the fall of 1796 William came down to the barrens to visit his brother Alexander, and he was sokkuxged charmed with the location and improvements that he bought him out, at a high price for that region, and time, and also bought about six hundred acres of wild land adjoining, paying spot cash for all, and the following spring moved to his new purchase. He was, as far as I have been able to learn, the first regular practicing physician to settle in that section of country. The spot cash was the principal inducement to Alexander for the sale. He went about a mile west and took up two hundred acres of land and built again, at what was of later years known as the George Bradley place - where Whit Thompson now resides - and here remained until a few years before his death.

William, the oldest son of the old sea Captain, was carefully educated, in part by his father, and partly at the Academy of the Rev. Samuel Doak in the Holston settlement, with a view to the pactice of medicine, for which he expressed a strong preference in his boyhood. In the early part of the eighteenth century ships at sea were not always furnished with physicians and surgeons as at the present time, and it was necessary for officers to have some knowledge of medicine and surgery, and to have a supply of medicine and instruments aboard; as it was seldom that a long boyage was ended without sickness or injury, requiring a resort to the medicine chest or to the tools of the surgeon. Under these circumstances the Captain in his long service at sea had acquired some knowledge of these professions, and had picked up and read such medical works as were then to be had. With the knowledge of medicine which William had gained from a careful study of these books, and with some regular instruction which he received from the Surgeon of the regiment in which he served during the Revolution (having been detailed, on account of his medical knowledge, as Hospital Steward) he began the practice of medicine in Kentucky, and soon acquired the reputation of a good doctor.

In his youth he took part in two campaigns, under Shelby, Sevier and Robinson, against the Indians on the French Broad and Tennessee Rivers; married in the summer of 1780; served under Shelby in the King's Mountain campaign, and then enlisted in a regular regiment and served in North Carolina and Virginia until the siege of Yorktown, where he was slightly wounded and was discharged.

He was unfortunate in his marriage, for while his wife was a beautiful woman, and was gifted intellectually far beyond the average, she soon developed a violent temper, and proved to be surpemely gifted in almost every trait of character calculated to bring about trouble and discord, both in the family and outside. She was contentious with neighbors, proved to be violent and overbearing and visious and false in every way, and brought to her husband a thousand mortifications and finally poverty. When he settled in the barrens he bought and paif for a thousand acres of land, thinking to make a good home for all of his children, and seemed to have plenty of money left; and although he had always a good medical practice which yielded him enough for a better living than he enjoyed, yet he seemed to go down gradually from year to year until poverty came on him in his old days, when too old and feeble to practice his profession.

His oldest son, named for him, was an unusually bright boy, and was the pride of his father's heart; but he died when about twenty years old, and with his death seemed to go out every hope of the father for better things. Of the others of his family it is not necessary to write, as I know nothing of any of their descendents, even if there be any.

Somewhere about the year 1830, or a little later, he exchanged all of his property remaining for two or three wagons and oxen to pull them, and, with his household effects and most of his family, went to Illinois. Very little was ever heard of them afterward, except that the old doctor died a few years later, and that at the last he was only saved from want by his pension as a Revolutionary officer, and the voluntary contributions of patriotic neighbors on account of his distinguished military services to his country.

Alexander, the third son of the old sea Captain, when a mere boy, took part in an expedition under Shelby and Sevier against the Indians on the French Broad River, and in the spring of 1781 was went to General Greene's camp in North Carolina with a letter to his brother William, who was serving under that General at the time, stating that his (William's wife was so sick that her life was despaired of, and asking that he get a furlough to visit her, if possible. The two brothers went to the Colonel of the regiment and asked for the furlough, but that officers said that it was impossible to spare a good soldier at that time, as a battle was expected in a few days and that every man would be needed, but finally said that if he could get a man to take his place he would give him leave for a few days. Alexander promptly offered to take his place, and, though under military age, was accepted. On reaching home William found his wife in a serious condition, but his medical knowledge enabled him to relieve her somewhat, and as soon as she was out of danger, he returned to his regiment. The battle had been fought during his absence, and the Colonel on releasing Alexander gave him a certificate stating that he had been regularly enrolled in his command in an emergency; that he had served sixteen days, and that during that time he had taken part in the battle with the British forced, at the Cowpens, and had conducted himself creditably. In his old days he was allowed a pension on this certificate, of which in my youth I saw an official copy in the hands of his oldest daughter. Shesaid it was her "title of nobility". He also served in the command of Colonel Benjamin Logan, under George Rogers Clarke, in October 1782, in the expedition against the Indian towns on the upper Miami; and in the fall of 1792 he went under Captain William Edgar in the pursuit of the Indians who had murdered the emigrants at the Oven Spring, and was with the detachment that attacked and killed the five Indians at the Elk Spring, between the present villages of Park and Three Springs.

He married one Capital Young and raised a large family, and all that I know of him up to the time he made his settlement at the old George Bradley place has been stated in the foregoing pages. He built a large and comfortable house, and good outbuildings, and soon opened up and improved his new farm. He was a good farmer and stock raiser, and a moderately good manager, and as a consequence by the time he was middleaged he was in domfortable circumstances. He was married twice and raised a large family, and succeeded in giving all of his children a good education. His life from the time of making his last settlement

was a s quiet and uneventful as his early life had been stirring. He was a man of many excellent qualities; was well educated and of refined manners; honest, intelligent, charitable to the poor; patriotic and peaceable; he stayed at home and attended well to his own business and let other peoples along, unless his interference was necessary in order that the right might prevail. Of such a life there is little more to write. In his old age he sold his farm and moved to a house which stood on the west side of Blue Spring Creek, about two hundred yards eastward of the house in which Rev. Solon Edwards now resides. Here, with his wife, and three unmarried sons (one of whom owned much of the surrounding land) he passed his last days in peace and quiet. He was buried at his old home (where Whit Thompson now resides), in the field, about two or three hundred yards northwest of his old mansion, The graveyard has been plowed over for many years, and very few people now remember it.

Robert, the seventh son of the old sea Captain, and generally known as "The Major" or Major Edwards, was the soldier of the family, even in a family where all of the men had been soldiers. He was, when a boy, with his mother in Bryan's Station during the siege. He was well educated in the schools at Lexington, and learned the trade of a cooper. When about sixteen years old, in the summer of 1790, he took part, under General Charles Scott, in the battle with the Indians at the mouth of the Scioto, and in the following spring he was in the campaign, under the same commander, against the Indian towns on the Wabash. He was with General St. Clair in his campaign in the same region the following fall, and in November of that year was present and took part in the disastrous battle with the Indians and the retreat which followed - generally spoken of as "St. Clair's defeat." Except while in the army at different periods he stayed with his mother as long as she lived, and after her death he made his home with his brother Alexander, in Barren County, for several years, workingat his trade, He married Jenny Black, a daughter of Jesse Black, a Revolutionnary soldier who lived on the bank of Blue Spring Creek, a few hundred yards below the ford near the home of the Turk Brothers, and after the death of Black the Major lived there for several years. He was a fine musician and acted as Drum Major in the Militia for some years. During the war of 1812 he again enlisted in the army - this time as Drum Major - and on May 5, 1813, he was in the terrible defeat and massacre known as "Dudley's Defeat" where he greatly distinguished himself by helping several others to escape, at the peril of his own life, and by making his own escape after being severely wounded. This battle and massacre took place about four miles below where the Major and my grandfather fought nineteen years before under General Wayne at Fallen Timbers, as has been described in another portion of this narrative.

He soon recovered sufficiently to perform his duties; was at Ft. Meigs during the seige of that post by the British and Indian Indians, and was discharged at the end of his term of service - having declined a discharge before his time was up. On his return home he was received with great honors, and many people came to see him in order to hear, if possible, how their loved ones had perished.

A few years after the war he bought and settled on a tract of land on the west side of the Creek, adjoining the farm where the father of the writer afterward lived and died, and here he remained until his death about the year 1851.

His only daughter, and only child, married Evan Shaw and raised a large family, but she died before the death of her father and mother, and the family went to Cumberland County, where, I presume that some of their descendents still reside. The Major was held in high esteem by every one. In his old days he was somewhat addicted to drink, but was never known, even when drinking, to swear, or to misbehave in any way, or to utter a single word that might not have been spoken anywhere with propriety; and when old and poor, and poorly clad, he was still of fine appearance and courtly manners, and was a perfect type of the educated and refined gentleman. His standard of truth and common honesty was very high, and he lived fully up to it.

He was a universal favorite with children on account of the wonderful stories that he could tell so well. In his old age he married a second time, and among the earliest of my recollections of anything away from home is of sitting in his wife's (Aunt Peggy's) lap and listening to the wonderful stories he was telling to my sisters and other children.

Cader, the youngest child of the old sea Captain, and the grandfather of the writer, was with his mother at the siege of Bryan's Station in 1782, and served under Gen. Wayne in his expedition against the Indians on the Maumee, and against the Indian towns on the Wabash, in 1794, and afterward worked at his trade on the Ohio River, as has been fully related in the preceding pages.

In the spring of the year 1797 he came from his home at Newport to the barrens, partly on a visit to his brothers, Alexander and Robert, and alsowith some view of locating if he should like the country. Within a few days after his arrival some settlers of means, who were preparing to put up good houses, either of hewed logs or brick, heard that he was a fine carpenter, and he was urged to go to work for them at higher wages than he had ever before received - as carpenters able to do the finer work on good buildings were then very scarce in that location. He had no tools with him, but managed to get a few planes, saws, chisels, etc. together, with which he commenced work. He hired a man with an ox cart to go to Newport for his tools, and wrote to Captain Craig to purchase for him a large lot of glass, nails, hinges, locks and other supplies needed in his business, which were to be had at Lexington but could not be procured here at any price; and the profit on these supplies much more than paid the cost of the long trip. He worked steadily until winter - hardly losing a day - and during the summer he bought two hundred acres of land lying between Knob Lick and the Blue Spring Creek, and about the first of January he returned to Newport. He and Betsy Crain were married soon after, at Portsmouth, Ohio, and she came with him to the barrens before spring. He had intended to settle at once on his land, but when he returned he was employed to build a large house near LaFayette, or Frederick as the little village, then just planned but already named, was called. He rented a little house in the embryo village and went to housekeeping there, and for a year or two remained there - having much more work offered to him that he could do. He afterward began to hire other men and work mostly by contract - laying off the work and doing only the finer parts himself. He soon built on his land but did not get moved to it for several years, being very busy all of the time, and his wife having company in the village during his absence from home, made it more agreeable to remain there for two or three years. After he settled

on the farm he did not farm much until his boys were large enough to begin work. He had a good house and outbuildings, and had some land opened, and a small crop raised every year, but did not keep much stock.

When his boys were old enough to take charge they worked on a much larger scale, and some of them became splendid farmers and stock raisers. He was doing well in his business; was doing most of the fine work for miles around, and was making money steadily, and it has always been a mystery to me why he wanted a farm. He had no taste or liking for the business, and was a poor farmer when left to himself. He was very industrious, and when he worked on the farm his work was a model of neatness, but was never profitable, and but for the money he made in his other business, and which he saved carefully, he would probably not have made more than a bare living at farming. He was a good financier and handled his means well - making money in land trading and otherwise, and in all of his life he was never in debt and never out of ready money, or monetary means, except temporarily when he had loaned his last dollar to some one in hard lines; and by having a little means of his own, and by reason of his excellent business ability along nearly every line except farming, he was able to do much good in the world. It seemed that he was gifted far above the average of mankind in matters of common judgment, and if he had cared for wealth could undoubtedly have accumulated a large fortune; but he was a philosopher, and was contented, and cared not for a fortune, or more than enough to live independently and free.

When he was about forty years old he was injured by a heavy timber falling on him, and he was never able to work at the bench any more, and could do but little work of value for several years; in fact, he never did much work afterward other than to keep his house and garden and outbuildings in neat order and good repair. He devoted much time to settling disputes among his neighbors and friends, and nearly every one in trouble for miles around called on him for advice, and it was often said that he carried, and kept inviolate, the secrets of his whole section of country. He took much interest in public affairs, and was often asked to accept public office, but always declined. He lived plainly, but plentifully, in the old fashioned way; provided well for his family, gave his children as good an education as was possible in his neighborhood, gave much to the poor ( for whom he always had a little special store); had the reputation of being the best educated and most useful man in his own or the surrounding neighborhoods; was never sick until a few hours before his death, except the rheumatish, always lived independently and out of debt; raised a large family, and at his death still had a few hundred dollars to divide among his children. He sold his farm after all of his children left him, and bought and moved to a small place near some of them, and later sold this place and moved to a house near his eldest son, where he and his wife could have assistance in case of sickness or accident. The sickness however never came until death came with it, as my grandmother died, as he did a few years later, after only a few hours sickness. After her death he spent the remainder

of his life - about three years - with his children, visiting around among them, but not often staying more than a week or ten days with any one of them on a visit; and during these years, by listening carefully to him when he talked of the olden times, I gathered most of the facts related in these pages which were not included in the biographical sketches heretofore referred to. Later in life, but while his children were mostly living, Italked with most of them, and with other old members of the clan, in regard to many things that I hxxx had not thoroughly understood when a boy, and in this way I think I have given a correct and true statement of what I gathered from his abundant knowledge. He always used the very purest of English in his conversation, and he was the best and most interesting fireside talker that I have ever had the pleasure of listening to. I have always thought that in keeping his money absolutely under his own control until his death, instead of giving it to his children and then depending on them to support him, as too many others have done to their sorrow, was the strongest possible proof of the superior widdom for which he was generally given credit. He died on the day of 185 , and he and my grandmother , and his brother Robert and his first wife, were buried at the family graveyard at my father's home on Blue Spring Creek.

Of the lives of the six brothers and sisters of my grandfather who did not settle in Barren county, I can tell but little. Mail routes were few, and post offices far away in those days, and when too widely separated for occasional visiting families soon lost sight of one another, and it wassomeyears later before there was much writing of letters. My grandfather kept in touch with his brothers and sisters to some extent as long as they lived, and in my younger days I heard him, and others, speak ofthem, but there was never much related that interested me greatly at the time, and in consequence what little I heard did not impress itself upon my mind sufficiently to fix the facts in my memory. I do not now call to mind of hearing of much visiting among them after the dispersion in 1796, except as follows:

About 1799 or 1800 one of the brothers ( I do not know which one) sold out in the bluegrass section and moved to what is now Todd County, and there went with him two cousins of the same family name who had come with the clan to Kentucky, and they and their families stopped on the route for a few days with the families in Barren County, and Henry Skeggs went with them to their destination. The last heard of them was that they had mostly been very prosperous and had raised large families, and I have heard that many of their descendents live in that and the surrounding counties.

About the year 1820 my grandfather had business that took him to Cincinnati and the east, and on the trip he visited his two brothers and two sisters who were then in the upper counties. He found them all prosperous, and mostly with large families. Sally Craig and her husband werethen still in Fayette County; Rachel McFarland and her husband were in Lincoln County; one of the brothers was near Mt. Sterling and the other near Harrodsburg, but I do not know which one was in either place. Minian went to Illinois soon after the dispersion, whereho afterward became prominent as a lawyer. He also left a large family.

My great grandfather had several brothers in America before he came, and four of his nephews afterward settled near him on New River and the Holston, and two of these, with their families, came with our clan

to Kentucky, and settled in Mercer or Woodford counties. My grandfather, on his visits to his mother while he worked at and around Newport, got acquainted with several families on the Licking River whose ancestors came from the village of our clan in Wales, and were of course related. The Edwards families all came from Wales originally and all of the name with whom I have talked - whose families are old residents of Kentucky, and who know much of their ancestors - are descendents of the sailors of the little villages on the coast of Wales.

There were doubtless many of the Edwards name in other parts of Wales, and I have met with many of them among coal and other miners, and have talked with and noticed them carefully, and have found them to be on an average nothing like the equals of the descendants of the maritime clans, in either personal appearance or mental capacity.

As Henry Skeggs was always considered as one of the Edwards family, and certainly was devoted to them, I cannot close this sketch without giving an account of his latter days. Assoon as my grandfather commenced housekeeping at LaFayette, Skeggs came at once, and, as soon as room could be provided, has his books and other belongings brought there, and he remainedwith the family until his death over twenty years later. In the new house a room was built, adjoining the family room, especially for him, and here, by a good fire in winter, with his books and papers around him, he spent the cold and bad weather for the balance of his life. The land business had begun to decline - the bulk of the best lands having been taken up - and after a few years he retired from the business as a regular vocation, but occasionally selected lands for particular friends. On good days in winter he would often go out and kill a deer or turkey, and sometimes took dinner with a neighbor, but always cam home at night. He was very liberal to the poor and gave them much help. He was still strong and active, and during thespring, summer and fall spent much of his time away from home, on business or visiting old friends, and would sometimes go a hundred miles on these trips. He subscribed for most of the papers then published in Kentucky, having them sent to Glasgow, then the nearest post office. He was of a sociable disposition and loved company.

In the statement of his activities in Kentucky in the seventies I failed to mention his military services. He took part in many of the expeditions against the northern Indians, and helped to defend several of the forts and stations when besieged, but would never serve against the southern Indians, for reasons already stated. In June, 1778 he was at the Falls of the Ohio and joined General George R Clarke in his expedition against Kaskaskia and the other British posts in Illinois.

When he first came to make his home with my grand father he told him that he had selected him, as being in his estimation the most prudent of the family, to attend to certain things of great importance after his (Skeggs') death, and he then acquainted him with the history of the mystery that surrounded his early life (which no one but the old Captain had hitherto known), and later, from time to time, informed him of the whereabouts of certain property and money that was to be disposed of in certain ways after he should pass away, and this confidence was never betrayed.

About the year 1820, late in the fall, he left home with the intention of visiting a few old friends before cold weather should set in, and on the ~~first~~ third evening thereafter, a little after sunset, he came to the house of Lowery Bishop, where Mr. J. W. Irvin now resides, near ~~the~~ Park, in Metcalfe County, bringing with him a wild turkey which he had killed and which he presented to Mrs. Bishop. He seemed well and hearty; ate a fairly good supper and afterward sat up late talking with the family, and seemed to enjoy himself quite well. He said that he would go home the next day and would not leave any more until spring. He went to bed in an adjoining room, and about midnight called Bishop, saying that he was quite sick, although feeling but little pain, and Bishop and his family did what they could to help him. He said that he would die and asked that a messenger be sent at once for my grandfather, and a young man was sent on a good horse for him. He reached Bishop's house before daylight and Skeggs asked for a few minutes private talk with him. After this he said in Bishop's presence that my grandfather understood how he was to be buried and would take possession of all of his effects, and a little after sunrise he died. My grandfather said that Skeggs had told him long before that he had lived in the woods and he hoped to die there; that if he died in the woods he wished to be buried where death overtook him, and that if he should die elsewhere he must be taken to the nearest woods and ~~should~~ be buried. During the day my grandfather walked out to the nearest woods and selected a place on a knoll, about forty or fifty rods southwest of the house, and had a grave prepared, and there the next afternoon, after a funeral sermon by the Rev. Jacob Locke, who happened to be in the neighborhood, in the presence of a large crowd, of people, including many of his comrades of the Revolution - the old soldier - and hunter and trapper and man of mystery was laid away.

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The grave was shown to me when a child and I have often seen it since. Three tracts of land came together there, and in two of the deeds a call was made for a corner "at Skeggs' grave," and I have run the lines to that point. A few years ago I was at Mr. Irvin's house and he asked me to show him the grave - saying that many people had asked about it. The stones and trees around it have disappeared, but I was able to locate the spot to my satisfaction. It is at the side of a lane and partly under a fence. Mr. Irvin will show the spot to anyone who might wish to see it.

Soon after this my grandfather prepared for a trip which he said was for the purpose of carrying out instructions given him by Skeggs. He said that he might be gone for some time, but that he would write every week in order that his whereabouts might be known. At that time travel was ~~mostly~~ partly by water and partly by stages and was generally slow by either mode of travel. He wrote from various places, some as far away as New York and Quebec. He said on his return that he had carried out the directions given him in every particular, and afterward, up to the time of his death, often spoke of his experiences on this trip, but never a word about the business on which he went. He said that he

krew the life secret of Skeggs, which explained his strange life, but that Skeggs had always been faithful and true to him, and to all of the Edwards family, and that he would never betray his trust, and that when he should die, all knowledge of the life story of that strange man would be gone.

To prevent any misunderstanding I will say that there was another Henry Skeggs who was a hunter and trapper in the barrens at an early day, whose real name was Skaggs, and whose name I have seen as a chain carrier on several old Surveyor's reports. He was a cousin to old Uncle Tommy Skeggs, or Skaggs, a noted preacher of the early times in Green County, and was a man of very limited education and attainments, but said to have been a good man. Historians not well acquainted with the life of either have made a sad mixture of the careers of the two men.

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